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VOLUME 6. ATHENA, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 14 1893. NUMBER 34

THE WAY TO BUILD UP ATHENA IS TO PATRONIZE HER INSTITUTIONS AND INDUSTRIES.

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 First and Third Saturday Evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited to visit the lodge.

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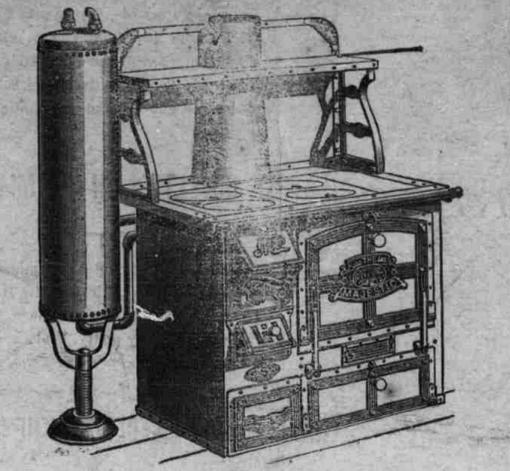
J. F. FORD, Evangelist.
 Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1893:

S. B. MED. MFG. Co.,
 Dufur, Oregon.
 Gentlemen:
 On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wasted away to 39 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are
 Yours, Mr. & Mrs. J. F. Ford.

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and easy for the Spring's work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.
 Sold under a positive guarantee by the Pioneer Drug store.

Pay up.
 All parties knowing themselves indebted to me, are notified to come forward and settle without delay.
 Jan. 1st M. N. A. MILLER.

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SHELF and HEAVY HARDWARE.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, THRESHERS,
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CALLS SPECIAL ATTENTION TO HIS
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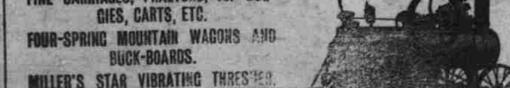
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J. H. CLARK, Mng'r, Athena, Or.

DIED AT THEIR POST

Awful Fate of Thirty of Chicago Brave Firemen.
BURNED IN A TRAP LIKE RATS.

Racing on Puget Sound; the Steamer Outruns a Huge Whale.

Fire broke out in the cold storage warehouse just south of the Sixty-fourth-street gate of the world's fair.

The fire started at the top of the cupola, which rises fully 200 feet from the ground. Through this cupola the chimney passed. The cupola was made of wood, surmounted with a staff, and was highly ornamented with pillars and columns. Near the top is a landing. The fire broke out 30 feet above this. As soon as the firemen arrived, 35 or 40 of them climbed up the ladders and were preparing to throw streams of water on the burning portion, when the fire which had eaten its way inside to a point below where the fireman stood, broke out with volcanic ferocity on all sides. An exclamation of horror broke from 20,000 people gathered about the building to see the fire. Five men saved themselves by sliding down the ropes. Before the others could follow the fire burned away the ropes. Those who remained were huddled together on the north side of the cupola. It was beyond the reach of any ladders, and the crowd stood horror-stricken, helpless to aid. The flames leaped higher and higher until the men were almost concealed from view. One fireman sprang far out and was dashed to pieces on the roof 60 feet below.

Another and another, crazed by the awful heat, followed his example and met the same fate. When five had jumped the upper portion of the cupola gave way, and the remaining firemen were swallowed up in the mass of burning timbers. Meantime every effort was being made to extinguish the fire, most of which was above the reach of streams. The entire building will be destroyed. It cost \$250,000, and was stored with wines, meats and fruits. The loss will be \$500,000. It was built by the Hercules Iron Works, manufacturers of refrigerating machinery. It is reported that three women and several clerks in the office on the third floor were crushed by the falling cupola.

Racing on Puget Sound.

What was probably the most unique race on the record occurred on the waters of Puget Sound between Tacoma and Seattle on Friday afternoon—namely a race between a whale and a steamboat. Shortly after the Flyer passed Brown's Point on her afternoon trip to Seattle, a large shovel-nose whale was noticed on her port bow, and as it was in about the same position when the Flyer came up on her previous trip it excited the curiosity of the captain, who decided to stand off his course to get a near view of the monster of the deep. Judge of his astonishment when, instead of overhauling the whale, the whale drew away from the boat. By this time it had got noised about among the passengers that it was the intention of the officers of the boat to overtake the whale if possible for wood, steel and steam to do so.

Word was sent to the engine room, and in a few moments it was plainly noticeable that the crack boat of the Pacific had got an extra move on herself, and in about five minutes it was clear she was gaining on the whale. About one mile south of Robinson's Point the whale put on an extra spurt speed, and for a minute or so gained a little on the boat, but it evidently was only a spurt for the boat again gained. When Robinson's Point was reached the whale took the inside course, and it was feared it would run ashore and so end the race. To prevent this the Flyer kept on shore as to allow it plenty of sea room in rounding the point. By reason of taking the outside course after the point was rounded, the whale had gained considerable on the boat, but it was evident from the erratic movements of the leviathan that it was fast becoming tired out, and that it would be only a matter of a few miles more when the monster would have to acknowledge defeat. About half a mile from Pulley Point the whale and boat were side by side, and the excitement among the passengers was intense, women and children joining in the wild vigorous yelling. Bets which at the beginning of the race were offered that the whale would do up the boat were all withdrawn, and

no one could be found who would risk ten cents on his whaleship. When Pulley Point was passed the boat was ahead fully six lengths, and five minutes after passing the Point the greatest race on record was ended, the man had constructed to sail on top of the water a boat that could outrun the swiftest denizen of the deep.

A passenger who came up on the boat crossed the Flyer's track reported seeing a dead whale near Pulley point. Whether or not this was the remains of the whale that raced the Flyer has not been verified, but it is quite probable that the race the boat gave it may have proved fatal.—Tacoma Ledger.

Binger a Straddler.

We are afraid Binger Hermann, congressman from Coos county, in his straddle of the silver question, will be in the position of the new circuit judge who tried to please both parties to the lawsuit by rendering his decision so as to compromise the matter, with a view of retaining the friendship of both. But he incurred the lasting enmity of both. In his next decision he had learned a lesson, and he secured the friendship of one side by rendering a flat-footed decision in their favor. Binger has been in his time a most artful and graceful straddler. But the silver question is a hard one to successfully straddle. It is really a painful spectacle to witness any one trying to straddle it. He is likely to be split clear up the back.

Attitude of Oregon.

While the citizens of Oregon may have doubts as to the wisdom of California in elongating the world's fair exhibit by holding a mid-winter show in San Francisco, there can be no question as to the course Oregonians should pursue if the exhibition is decided upon, which it undoubtedly be from present indications. Oregon should enter into the exhibit with generous, hearty good will and make as much of it as possible.

HANGED IN CHAINS.

A Negro Brute Pays the Penalty of His Crime.

Whether guilty of the awful crime with which he was charged or not, Seay J. Miller, the negro arrested at Skyes-ton, Mo., last night, has paid the penalty for it. He was dragged from the jail at 3 o'clock this afternoon by an infuriated mob, whose purpose it was to burn him at the stake. That he was not burned alive seems to have been due to the very fury of the mob that killed him. Excited into hysterics, the ringleaders lost their heads and hanged him by a chain to a telegraph pole, while they were shooting "burn him." John Ray, the father of the murdered girl, with singular inconsistency, asked that the negro not be burned, although in the morning he had set the hour for the torture. It is doubtful if he knew what he was doing, he was so excited. After being dragged from the jail, the negro was hurried away amid the cries of "burn him," "burn him" until a telegraph pole was reached. A chain was drawn around his neck and two men climbed the pole with the other end of it. The negro was drawn up and strangled. Some one fired a shot into his body before he was dead. Every body was disappointed and angry at the manner of his death. The body was lowered and horribly mutilated. The ears, fingers and other pieces were cut away. The body was then dragged by the railroad track and burned. The fire is to be kept burning all night. After his arrest at Skyes-ton, the negro was positively identified by the fisherman who ferried him across the river. He also had on his person a ring belonging to one of his victims and his knife contained hair from her head. These identified by her father. He was lodged in jail here about noon. He called for a Methodist preacher and one waited on him. He professed conversion and was baptized. Immediately after being baptized he raised his hands and swore he was innocent. This statement he repeated to the mob, but it is said he afterward made a partial confession. The door of the jail was battered in a few minutes before 3 and he was dragged out. Fully 7000 men, women and children witnessed the execution. Men who did the hanging are from Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois and Missouri, but the work was done in such a manner and the throng was so great that no man can name the individual who participated.

Killed his Father.

News has just been received by messenger from a settlement near The Dalles, called Ten-Mile, of the killing of a man named E. W. Wilhelm. Wilhelm was a man 65 years old, who had a very violent temper, and had not been living with his family for some time. It is understood he frequently beat his wife, and had trouble with his sons concerning the working of their farm. When he left home the last time he told his family to take charge of the farm and that he was coming to The Dalles to live. Yesterday he returned home, and being in an ugly mood, quarreled with his wife. His youngest son, William, 22 years old, came to the assistance of Mrs. Wilhelm, when the man became violent and reached for a gun to shoot her. The boy, seeing their lives in danger, struck his father over the head with a club, killing him instantly. He came here this morning and gave himself up to the sheriff, who, with the coroner, has repaired to the scene of the tragedy.

Herr Most on Altgeld.

Altgeld, the Illinois democratic governor who outraged decency by his recent pardoning of the anarchist dynamite murderer of Chicago policemen, and who in so doing so went out of his way to denounce the administration of law in the state which has the distinguished obloquy of having him for chief executive is getting it hot from all sources.

THE IOWA CYCLONE.

In Every Direction Nothing But Wreck and Ruin.

NEARLY A HUNDRED LIVES LOST

Will Be Buried Alive—A Young Man Kills His Father.

Seventy-four people dead, at least five more to die, and over 100 injured is the result of the cyclone that started at Quincy and ended with awful results at Pomeroy Thursday night. At the latter place 48 are dead and over 105 blocks of residences are demolished. Nothing remains but kindling wood. Two hundred families are homeless, many having lost all. Business blocks are badly damaged, and the new postoffice, a drug store and seven churches are completely demolished. The loss in Pomeroy will reach fully \$50,000. All is chaos there. The residents still alive are in a dazed condition, and it is very difficult to get information. The storm came from the northwest and did its terrible work in literally one minute's time. An immense amount of damage is done to crops. The path of the storm is strewn with the carcasses of animals, and in every direction there is nothing but wreck and ruin. Immediately after the storm had passed, the cries and moans of the injured and dying were heart-rending, and willing ones began the work of rescue. Their work was sickening, as people were found literally torn to pieces, some with legs or arms gone, others suffering from terrible wounds with life oozing out. Many were dead, so disfigured as to be unrecognizable. The body of a young lady was found, but the head and one of the lower limbs were missing. The old postoffice was turned into a morgue, and at one time contained 26 bodies. The Good Templars' hall and hotels were turned into hospitals, where every effort was made to relieve the unfortunates.

Will Be Buried Alive.

The Press special from Toledo says: Seymour the mind reader, was in Toledo yesterday on his way to Chicago, where he is going to be buried alive after the manner of the Indian magicians, who say they can suspend animation for any period by swallowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind. "My coffin has gone ahead," said Mr. Seymour, "its a fac-simile of the one in which General Grant's remains now rest and cost \$3000. It is made in three sections, one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet deep in the coffin. Signals are to be arranged so that if things don't go right I can communicate with the soldiers on the outside who will guard the grave. Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sown over the grave. I will remain buried till the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I won't come back to earth until September 24th. I am positive I can do it and the scientific men who are assisting me are beginning to think so too."

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A few of his party papers have the hardihood to endorse his action in the premises, and those of the greatest weight and standing are unanimous in their condemnation, not only of his action, but of the manner in which he sought to justify himself in his course.

The New York World, Herald and Post are among the democratic newspapers which regard the governor's language as an outrage on the dignity of his high office, and as an encouragement of anarchism.

But among the constituents of the governor, at least among the element to which he owed his nomination and election, no such sentiments find voice. They feel the governor is one of them and that the pardoning of the dynamiter is a victory for the principles which they profess.

Johann Most, in an editorial on the subject, treats the governor's exercise of the prerogative of clemency as follows:

Unfurl your blood-red banners, comrades, the world over, and let us celebrate the feast of jubilation, for we have received powerful reinforcements to our army; fight, and victory shall be ours.

THE BURLINGTON IS COMING.

The Great Big Road is Surely Heading for Oregon.

An Eastern Oregon paper says: "The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy surveyors have crossed over the Idaho state line and are now making surveys and photographing the topography of the country along different proposed routes of the line from Boise to Oregon."

George P. Litchfield, of Salem, says the Statesman, whose term of office as special Indian agent for the United States government expired a few days ago, received a document from Washington yesterday informing him that his efforts in securing a right of way over the Crow Indian reservation for the Burlington had been approved.

This was Mr. Litchfield's last official act, and one of the most important, he think, for Oregon's interests. This right of way will allow the "Burlington" to build from Sheridan, Wyoming, to Billings, Montana, through the Crow reservation (after securing the right of way from individual Indians, Mr. Litchfield's was acting on the community land of the reservation). Mr. Litchfield thinks this is the turning point of the road for Oregon. He saw several gangs of surveyors. Some of them had worked for the Oregon Pacific, and it was their impression that the road might join the Oregon Pacific somewhere. Anyway they headed for Oregon, and they will probably not be long in getting here after the financial situation eases up, for the "Burlington" is one of the greatest corporations in the world.

In addition to the following from the Yaquina Post will be read with interest:

Report has it that the N. Y. Trust Company and the Blair faction have settled all difficulties that have heretofore entirely stopped the extension of the Oregon Pacific railroad, and have agreed to push its construction, commencing operations as soon as may be on the Eastern extension. A special train came down to the Bay on the 28th ult., for the purpose of locating grounds for a new depot, making arrangements to extend the wharves, tear down the point on the front at Yaquina City and fill in with rock and earth clear back to the east bank of the Bay; prepare for the erection of a new hotel, or add to the one already built, and to make divers and sundry improvements, in the way of warehouses, etc., to accommodate the immense business to be ushered in on the completion and connection of the Oregon Pacific with the road across the continent. We hope the rumor will prove true in every respect and that as rumored, the Oregon Pacific road will be graded and ironed, and trains be running regularly to the Deschutes river, or farther east, before the winter rains set in for 1893. When the truth of these rumors is demonstrated by the actual work of construction, the Bay country and Benton and Linn counties will witness a revival along the line that will be in marked contrast with the present dullness that prevails. The rumored line of conduct, outlined above, to be at once undertaken and pursued by the hitherto warring factions of the Oregon Pacific in the future, if it results in extending the line of road to an eastern connection, will receive the hearty commendation of the people of Eastern as well as Western Oregon, and the entire country to be served by the road will at once push ahead as it never has before.

Go to Helix for your house and barn bills.